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One Such Was

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ONE SUCH WAS

Now that I am old the times stretch behind me and I hold myself, a lock, threaded through the double metal ring on yourself, a door. A lock: when I write stupid things I know I am the unlocked lock, hanging flaccid spent inutile, like: *what good are you?* Now that I am old the times stretch behind me and I can only write stupid things. One such was: *xoxoxoxoxoxo x 1 million!* One such was: *I am such a dum dum, I meant x 1 BILLION, you handsome asshole!* In my age, I understand that you are a construction of the community, made beautiful and strong by your willingness to be a door hewn from plain wood, by the hands of men like you. One such man was your father, whom I imagine is far plainer and whom I imagine I would say all manner of stupid things to because I am the unlocked lock and I lack all purpose and all restraint and that, yes, is why you like me: because I say stupid things because I hang because I hang like I am not even that old at all like I am not old like I have nothing I'd rather be doing.